## *A remarkable account of an* Hydrophobia, *in a Letter from Dr* Roger Howman, *Phyſician in Norwich, to* William Briggs *M. D.* Fellow *of the* Coll. *of Phyſ.* Lond. *and Phyſician of St.* Tho. Hoſpitall.

*Sir.*

I Had long ſince (if buſineſs had not prevented me,) returnd you thanks for the *Philoſophicall Collections* you ſent me; and therein, particularly, for your *new Theory of Viſion,* ſo highly rational & ſatisfactory. Among your many other exact and curious obſervations, I can't paſs by that remarkable relation of the *Hydrophobia* (given by the learned and ingenious *Dr Liſter,*) without applauding the curioſity of the obſerver, in his moſt exact hiſtorie of that diſeas; and having lately had an opportunity of making ſome remarks upon a caſe not much differing (tho' the occaſion is more rare,) the *biting of a mad Fox*; I thought my ſelf obliged to ſatisfie your curioſitie therewith (if worth reading,) as followeth.

On Wedneſday at evening the 1. of Octob. laſt paſt I was called to a patient in this City, who about 6 weeks before had been *bitten with a mad Fox* on the right hand; he began to be indiſpoſed the Saturday before with running pains, yet ſo well as to be abroad next day at Church: on Munday his pains grew more troubleſome, and the day following, much worſe, eſpecially, on his right hand, arm, ſhoulder and back, but not to confinement: on Wedneſday (I know not by whoſe advice,) he took a doſe of the common purging ſpirit of Scurvygraſs, which gave him 7 or 8 ſtools, and made him very faint, and weak; ſo I found him; and complaining that he

he could not uſe his right hand (it beginning to be paralytical,) tho' his pains were much abated there, and where elſe they had been moſt troubleſome; only on the lower parts, or ſmall of his back, which ſoon after vaniſhed alſo. He told me he bled freely at the wounds the *Fox* had made, and that they healed without any farther trouble, than now and then a little girding pain on that hand & arm; and further ſaid, (to pleaſe his friends,) he had taken a *white Powder* of an Apothecarie, and believed himſelf in no danger of what was feared (for I had diſcovered the danger I apprehended in his condition:) tho' the *Aquæ Pavor* did not yet appear, his heat was much encreaſed and his Pulſe intermitted every 5th or 6th ſtroak, but *on the right ſide only*; which I again and again examind, finding no variation: he alſo looked gaſtly & thin, but his Eyes ſparkling and fiery. I preſcribed the beſt temperate *Antiſpaſmodic* and *Antiparalytic Remedies* I knew, to be mixt with the ſpecifics of common uſe in a *Hydrophobia*; thus much on Wedneſday at Night. Next morning he complained his Night had been reſtleſs, that then he had wholly loſt the uſe of his right hand, and tho' the pains were more abated, yet he was very hot, and uneaſie: his Pulſe then was much ſtronger, then over Night, but intermitted on the right ſide only as before, his countenance was ſomwhat more gaſtly, yet his Veins very full as in *initio & augmento febris*, and no *Hydrophobia* appearing; I adviſed him to bleed 6 or 7 ounces at the left arm, (the right being paralytical,) and the continuance of what I had preſcribed before; he bled 8 ounces very freely, the blood well coloured but very thick. This on Thurſday morning: in the after noon going into the Country to viſit ſome patients, to whom I was preingaged there, I could make no further obſervations till my return on Friday 6 at Night; not many hours before he died. On Thurſday after I left him, the great Symptome appeared, and in my abſence, another was conſulted

who gave him many remedies. At my return his heat was very great, and his Pulſe very high, and intermitted then on both wreſt's, and if any thing were offered him to drink ſtanding or ſitting, he ſtarted as if his head would have fallen backwards off his ſhoulders, but when lay'd upon his pillow, could (tho' with great difficultie & uneaſineſs,) now and then get down a ſpoonfull: he looked then very thin and gaſtly, and ſeemed ſhy or afraid of every body that came ſuddainly near him, telling them *they Stifled him*, or ſtopt or hindred his breath in coming ſo haſtily to him. His reaſon was all a long very good, and (as ſome obſerved,) better than in his health: his voice was broken and imperfect, as theirs whoſe tongue and other organs of ſpeech are growing paralytical, thus at 6 a clock Fryday at Night. I ſaw him again at 10 that Night when all Symptom's were growing worſe; yet he could then walk out of one Chamber into another, with very little help, but between 12 and 1 next morning he died, without any convulſive motions, ſighs or groans; as if in a moment, there had been a totall *paralyſis*. Thus as briefly and as plainly as I could, you have the relation; from whence it's moſt obſervable, 1. that as the pains, (which were like thoſe in a Rheumatiſm,) abated, the *paralyſis* and feaver increaſed. 2dly. As the feaver increaſed, the intermiſſion of the Pulſe grew more frequent, tho' the Pulſe were much ſtronger; but why it intermitted firſt on *but one ſide*, is not eaſily accounted for. 3. That the imperfection of Voice, as well as the difficultie of ſwallowing were the effects of the *paralyſis*, may probably be allowed, & be a ſatisfactory reaſon why the Perſon *Dr. Liſter* mention's, could not *uſe the Quill* which was given him to ſuck with. 4. That his thin gaſtly aſpect, the defect of ſpirits and *tonic vigour* (if I may ſo call it, was from a paralytical Original, is not unreaſonable to conjecture. 5. That the *paralyſis* chiefly affected the muſcles of the head and upper parts, may be partly collected from

from his inability to hold his head ſteady at the approach of any liquor; the fear thence riſing, cauſing him to ſtart, and his head ſo to *fall backwards*, as if it would fall off his ſhoulders. 6. And that his lower parts were leſſe affected, is probable; becauſe, 2 or 3 hours before he died, he could walk out of one Chamber into another, even when his voice was hardly intilligible. Some Queries offer themſelves from what's written, it being a ſubject never yet well conſidered of: but I have not time now to name them, nor to be longer troubleſome then to tell you I am.

*Norwich*

*Sir Your humble Servant*

*Jan.* 27. 168½.

Roger Howman.

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